

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS



Hard to Earn

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Alongwaytogo"

[Phife from "Check the Rhime"] Now here's a funky introduction
[scratching]

[Chorus 1 x2: Guru]

It's ALONGWAYTOGO, when you don't know where you're going
You don't know where you're going when you're lost (lost)

[Guru:]

What you need is more direction and get yourself some protection
I thought by now that you have learned your lesson
I'm stressin points and slammin all joints you call the real shit
Correct shit, you know the busta way you feel shit
Baby, I still don't think you understand
You lose the game, we get more props than Dan...Rather
And it don't matter cuz when you flinch, you're weak
So I'mma step just to speak about the counterfeit, unlegit type of people
Those cellophane ones, the ones that you can see through
It's poetic justice cuz I'm mad with a pact
So precise, my insight will take flight in the night
And in the daytime, cuz I don't come up with corny rhymes
I'm too devoted to the concept of gettin mine
So here's the deal like Shaquille O'Neal
If you don't know what you're doing, how the hell can you be real?

[Chorus 2 x2:]

[scratching]

[Q-Tip from "Check the Rhime"] How far must you go to gain respect? Um...

[Guru:]

Now in '93, realistically you should be...well aware of all the evils out there
It's like a jungle sometimes. You get the message?
You got to rumble sometimes, it's gettin hectic
Emotions run deep, as times run out
Solutions...it's time to find some out
So according to me, suckers are barred
From obstructing my discussion cuz I rhyme too hard
You take a wiff like a spliff here, like some fresh air
I came to claim shit this year (this year)
So take a stroll down the walkway, or hallway, or runway
Fuck with us, kid, you'll pay
I slay...and yo, I'm still on the expressway
I kick my essay, then you know we don't play
So pray down on your knees, G
Cuz it's the best way, yes, the best way, cuz...

[Chorus 1 x2:]

[Chorus 2 x2:]

[Guru:]

There's a large amount of wack crews. For them, I got bad news

Time to pay your dues, you fools

I'm like express mail, with the script that hits

Like the third rail, when I shock the spot, it's hot

From the rays of the sun

Original one the prophet sent to become

A law giver, cuz you shiver when I quiz ya

All about the real neccessities of life

All about the game and all about the name

G to the A to the N to the G Starr

We know who we are, but do you know who you are?

([Richard Pryor:] You go down there looking for justice, that's what you find, just us)

[chorus 1: x4]

[chorus 2: x4]

[scratching] Um... [until end]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Code Of The Streets"

Take this for example young brothers want rep
Cause in the life they're living, you can't half step
It starts with the young ones doing crime for fun
And if you ain't down, you'll get played out son
So let's get a car, you know, a fly whip
Get a dent, pull a screwdriver, and be off quick
With a dope ride, yeah, and a rowdy crew
We can bag us a Benz and an Audi, too
Even a jeep or a van, goddamn, we're getting ours, yo
Take a trip up the strip, and be like stars so
It doesn't matter if the cops be scoping
They can't do jack, that's why a young brother's open
To do anything, anywhere, anyplace
Buckwild in another court case
It's the code of the streets

They might say we're a menace to society
But at the same time I say "Why is it me?"
Am I the target, for destruction?
What about the system, and total corruption?
I can't work at no fast-food joint
I got some talent, so don't you get my point?
I'll organize some brothers and get some crazy loot
Selling D-R-U-G-S and clocking dollars, troop
Cause the phat dough, yo, that suits me fine
I gotta have it so I can leave behind
The mad poverty, never having always needing
If a sucker steps up, then I leave him bleeding
I gotta get mine, I can't take no shorts
And while I'm selling, here's a flash report
Organized crime, they get theirs on the down low
Here's the ticket, wanna bet on a horse show?
You gotta be a pro, do what you know
When you're dealing with the code of the streets

Nine times out of ten I win, with the skills I be wielding
Got the tec one dealing, let me express my feelings
Guru has never been one to play a big shot
It's just the styles I got that keep my mic hot
Anf fuck turning my back to the street scene
It gives me energy, so Imma keep fiends
Coming, just to get what I'm selling
Maybe criminal or felon dropping gems on your melon
So keep abreast to the GangStarr conquest
Underground ruffnecks, pounds of respect
I've never been afraid to let loose my speech
My brothers know I kick the code of the streets

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Brainstorm"

[DJ Premier cuts 'n' scratches lovely] "Get on it"

[Guru]

One two checka, get, down and dirty
and my sounds are worthy of respect
So I'ma flex my text just like a, major takeover
Chumps pass the mic over
Growin more and more nervous when I serve this ass whoopin
Comin straight out of Brooklyn, baldhead from the old school
Born to rule with more class than Billy Dee
To a pussy emcee, you know a wuss emcee
I'm like his worst nightmare when I'm on my killin spree
Pick the vic, who will it be?

[Guru sings]

Your vote may hold the key
It's up to you, tell us true
Who'll be, herb of the day?

[Guru]

And your fake, you break, when suckers choose, they lose
I'm like lethal, to you and your people
It's like an outrage, when punks step on stage
with the weak show, weak flow, and still make dough
So I'ma take dough from em, and then stum em
Teach em how to really get biz like this
Me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

[DJ Premier flips it again] "Get on it"

[Guru]

It takes at least, two to tango, so you can get strangled
from any angle, as I get buck on ducks
All the, sexy girlies wanna push up close to
The man with the most who don't flaunt his ego
Some motherfuckers ain't as gifted
Not everyone can move the crowd and uplift it
I'm swift with the shit like a bullet's trajectory
So don't stand next to me
It's like a, warm sensation when my shells hit
You were wrong, you know what you did so you fell quick
to the pavement, no signs of body movement
See I knew it, yo I had to do it
And it's, cool to duel but don't slip up fool
cause I'ma leave you dead and stinkin like a sesspool
And all the chicks know what's goin on
Cause baby, there ain't no sunshine when I'm gone
And you can beg for me to stay and parlay
But sorry, I gots to go, got bills to pay

See by nature I'm godly
When I touch the mic, it's never too hard for me
to let out, a mastermind of mad clout
Huh, me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

[DJ Premier displays turntablism skills] "Get on it"

[Guru]

I'm gonna get ya
You might be bigger than me, so I'ma wet ya
Come into your house to douse it with the
malatov cocktail, I won't fail
Burn out your eyeballs, and leave a note in braille
So what the fuck you gonna do?
Yea I know I used to act relaxed but now I'm cuckoo
Come into my darkest deepest thoughts
We fought I won, and now you're caught and bein tortured
Water pellets dripped upon your forehead
but you can't move, because you're tied up
Your time's up...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Tonz 'O' Gunz"

Tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
tons o' guns real easy to get
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
tons o' guns are in the streets nowadays
it's big money and you know crime pays
check your nearest overpopulated ghetto
they greet you with a pistol not trying to say hello
mad kids packed 'cos the neighbourhood's like that
want some shit that's fat catch a victim do a stick
kids pulling triggers, niggas killing niggaz
five-o they sit and wait and tally death-toll figures
it's crazy there ain't no time to really chill
jealous motherfuckers always want to act ill
22's 25's 44's 45's
mack elevens ak's taking mad lives
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
tons o' guns

tons o' guns you got we got they got
the state of affairs yo it's like mad chaos
i know a kid who just passed the other day
they shot him sixteen times so there he lay
you can pray for this shit to like cease
but until then a nigga's going to pack a piece
and yo the devil's got assasination squads
want to kill niggaz 'cos they're scared of god
they got camps where they train they learn to take aim
at a nigga like a piece of game
and i'm not seeing that, them days are gone
'cos now we got (chromes) to put them where they belong
so me a rude boy from and in a brooklyn
fuck the bullshit pain and suffering
i'm coming off with a foolproof plan
as if each every lyric was worth a hundred grand
i stand in the face of hatred
letting off mad shots making devils run naked
tons o' guns

tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
tons o' guns real easy to get
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
tons o' guns but i don't glorify
'cos more guns will come and much more will die
why, yo i don't know black

some motherfuckers just be living like that
they like to feel the chrome in their hands
the shit makes them feel like little big man
twelve years old catching wreck
'cos there ain't no supervision putting kids in check
people get wounded, others they perish
and what about the mother and the child she cherish
the city is wild up steps the wild child
tension anger living in danger
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
tons o' guns

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Planet"

[Guru]

Boom bash dash, I had to break, I had to getaway
Packed my bags, to leave for good, it was a Monday
Kissed my mother, gave my pops a pound
Then he hugged me, and then he turned around
I threw the duffelbag over my shoulder
It was time to get props kid, cause now I'm older
Time to fend for myself jack
So I'ma go for mine, and maybe never come back
Stopped at the lye spot before I hit the train station
Needed some boom for the mental relaxation
It took the last of my loot to make this move Troop
But I ain't even tryin to work in a suit
Plus my aunt's got a room that's for rent
As long as there's no hoes and I don't come home bent
So fuck the bullshit I'm audi
I'm on a mission, cause if I stay I'll go crazy
I'm gonna make it god damnit
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
They never fake it just slam it
Out in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

Crash boom bang I used to hang at Four Corners
And all the spots in Beantown where niggaz carry burners
But I was more turned on by the micraphone
So one cold morning, I left home
Next I'm smokin blunts on ?
Or workin in a mail room Uptown, feelin sick and
tired, of payin all these fucked up dues
I wasn't tryin to lose -- I refused
Had a chick Uptown, one in Queens and one in Jersey
Sometimes all you need to get by, is a girlie
But yo I still wasn't happy
I seen a lot of ill shit on my block, happen nightly
East New York is no joke kid
And peace to my man Hass doin his bad
I went to Flatbush to buy incense and weed
Stopped at the bookstands for somethin to read
That shit was rough cause my pockets was bare
and like the sayin goes, sometimes life ain't fair
But in my heart there ain't no quittin
So I stayed up late, to write some rhymes to some rhythms
Seconds away from just flippin
But fuckit I'll maintain, one day I'll be hittin
See I'ma make it god damnit
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
I'll never fake it just slam it

There in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

And you can, walk the walk talk the talk but don't flaunt
Cause little shorty's scheamin on your rings and fronts
but don't sweat it, cause that's the life out here
A lot of niggaz, be livin real trife out here
I got my own place in Bed-Stuy
Known to many others, as Do or Die
Malcolm X Boulevard and Gates Avenue
Smokin up the fat trey bags with the crew
Me and the niggaz Troy and Squeaky
Used to twist Dutch Masters, we got nice weekly
I used to build with the brothers by the spot
They had to hustle but they still knew a lot
To get my haircut had to go to Fort Greene
on Myrtle Ave, to get a fade with the sides clean
Then to Fulton just to look around
Just to roam around, and find a chick to go Uptown
and check a movie or some shit like that
I couldn't spend much but yo my game was fat
I remember this one chick, she brought me a beeper
Then one week later, she got me some sneakers
But then I stepped, cause I found out about her rep
And I ain't goin out bein no bitch's pet
But anyway I used to lay up in the crib
Listening to Red and Marley, wishin I was on kid
Saved my dough, stayed on the down low
Lounged and drank 40's with Tommy, Hill and Gunsmoke
And Lil' Dap used to come by strapped
Nice off a L cause we stayed like that
Sometimes I used to miss my moms
Gunshots in the twilight, people fightin every night
But I'ma be aight still
Cause I'ma keep writin shit and perfectin my skills
I'm gonna make it god damnit
Here in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
I never fake it just slam it
Here in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet *[echoes]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Speak Ya Clout"

(feat. Jeru the Damaja, Lil Dap)

[Verse 1: Jeru the Damaja]

Last year record companies were chumpin me
But now like chicks they all be up on me
and me so horny, I hit em like a groupie
Snatch off my hat wash my dick and keep it movin
Showing and proving on a day to day basis
I rip New York and a million different places
State to state country to country
My skills are legend in the style of poetry
I've paid my dues to this game word to mother
Peace New York hops it gets no rougher
Baby brother been puffing buddha and blunts since eighty-five
Before the fake motherfuckers started perpetrating live, I've
achieved mad props though niggaz roll around in jeeps
I ride the A-Train and get mad beeps
So when we bang bang boogie out jumps my boot knocks
Chicks comes in flocks when D.R.S. rocks glocks
And I mean it it's all done with the mind
I neutralize suckers because I'm alkaline
I could go on for days speaking bout my clout
So Lil Dap snatch the mic and show the motherfucker out

[Verse 2: Lil Dap]

Yo you can't hide from jail and you can't hide from the street
Flavors do get deep when you're walking the east
A unit down from the underground made the brothers unite
I'm slappin pounds and pounds with real niggaz aight
Ain't nothing changed but the weather, rain storms or whatever
You poured a forty on the ground for the brothers who ain't around
Break it down with the flow as I walk through the ghetto
A nigga said he couldn't do it til the shit hits the fan
Last year I was The Man ripping up every jam
So what's your hobby nothing serious when things get rough
I'm stepping rugged and tough, and bitches won't get enough
A Lil Dap what's that? Fuck around you get slapped
Schizophrenic with rhyme plus we're well organized
Make the chicks say 'aow' and the brothers say 'ho'
You can't tell a motherfucker what to do with his life
Niggaz tend to live trife, so I react with the mic
It's the end of the time so I got to gets mine
Aiiyo 'ru, what's your function meet me at Broadway junction
Before I start to get in it, better yet i just kick it
Aiiyo son, if you're ready Guru starts to flip it

[Verse 3: Guru]

Earl, with my three-eight-five shot I bust a bumba claat

He talks dumb a lot so him shall drop
I got the clout, all you pussy rappers be out
From the ghetto I let go, shit to make you petrol
Watching fly niggaz show you how to rhyme asshole
You know the motherfucking situation
So get down get down with the Gangstarr Foundation
Now I'ma touch on reality, chumps can't fuck with me
and all the honies be loving me
My style be kicking crazy butt
Wannabes on their knees licking crazy butt
Your girl pays me but ain't no need to try and stop her
I'm Big Poppa fuck your girl and I'll drop her
cause she be working on my nerves
and yo I got more gang than the bitch got curves
I'm like gambino, the slick head honcho
Ill kid ready to wreck mics pronto
and I know, I break your back with my rap like smack
because I'm all that
And so the next time when you're wishing for my downfall
I'm a come back to drown y'all
With stupid lyrics relative to a bloodbath
And stay the fuck out my path...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"DWYCK"

(feat. Nice & Smooth)

[Intro: Greg Nice]

Ah yeah, here's another Gangstarr sure shot, featuring the one and only, uh heh heh heh handy handy boy, Nice & Smooth, hey, hey, HEY, HEY!!!!

Gangstarr has got to be da sure shot
Nice & Smooth has got to be da sure shot
[x2]

[Greg Nice]

Greg Nice!!! Greg N-I-C-E
Droppin dem basso, ah oui oui
Rock for a fee, not for free
Maybe I'll do it for charity
Now my employer or my employee
Is makin Greg N-I-C-E very M-A-D
Don't ever ever think of jerkin me
I work to hard for my royalty
Put lead in ya ass and drink a cup of tea
Peace to Red Alert and Kid Capri
Ooohh la la ah oui oui, I say Muhammad Ali, ya say Cassius Clay
I say butter you say Parkay
It's alright if ya wanna make a sway
I'm a way up town, took duece to the tre
I originate, they duplicate
I praise the lord and keep the faith
It's alright keep bitin at da bait
'92, uh!!, one year later
Peace out Premier take me out wit da fader

[Premier scratches and hooks]

[Guru]

I chant eenie meenie, minie moe
I wreck da mic like a pimp pimps hoes
Here's how it goes I am a genius I mean this
I shake this you'll take this
I'm kinda fiendish
You wish that you could come into my neighborhood
Meaning my mental state
Still I'm 5 foot 8
Crazy as I wanna be
Cause I make it orderly
You could say I'm sorta da boss so get lost
The brotha dat will make you change opinions
Dominions I'm in them when it's time to kick shit from

The heart, plus I get a piece of the action
I'm feelin satisfaction from the street crowd reaction
Chumps pull guns when they feel afraid, too late
When they dip in the kick they get sprayed
Lemonade was a popular drink and in still is
I get more props den stunts den Bruce Willis
A poet like Langston Hughes and can't lose when I cruise
Out on the expressway
Leavin the Bodega I say "suave"
Premier's got more beats den barns got hay
Clips are inserted into my gun
So I can take the money, neva have ta run

[Premier scratches and hooks]

[Smooth B]

I left my Phillie at home
Do you have another?
I wanna get blunted my brother
Now may I make a mark
Then make a spark over this phat track
Or should I say dope beat
Subtract, delete
All of the wick wack that wanna be abstract
But they lack the new knack that's comin from way way back
Hey yo Premier, please pass that buddha sack
You hear we quit?
No way, bullshit
I told ya before we come back wit more hits
I provide bright flava, so you could sketch me
Do me a favor, dont try and catch me
Slightly ahead of the game, I'm not a lame
Ask him, he'll tell you the same he knows my name
Smooth, I drop jewels like, paraphenalia
I'm infallable, not into failure
Like a rhinocerus, my speed is prosperous
And pure knowledge expands from my esophagus
I write here tonite to bring truth to the light
My dialogue is my own cause Smooth B will neva bite

[Premier scratches and hooks]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Words From The Nutcracker"

(feat. Melachi the Nutcracker (Group Home))

Sick thoughts on my mind with no self-control
Uplift your soul and make the brothers wanna roll
Sixteen years old with heart that's gold
Yo check it check it out like this, here we go
Run around the streets cold strapped like an alley rat
But now I'm gettin much props like a fat cat
A young mack but I don't think I'm all that
I just can't sweat another brother's bozack
So what the fuck, y'all movin on up
Gonna swim in big bucks, like Scrooge McDuck
And if ya don't like and you wanna step up
Then open your mouth, and suck my nuts
Melachi the Nutcracker, I'm always gettin blacker
Fatter, I bust a fat rhyme to make your head shatter
I'm from the Bronx, New York City
The big fuckin Apple where the niggaz get busy
God bless the dead, and God rest my pops
Peace to the niggaz goin out bustin shots..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Mass Appeal"

[Verse 1: Guru]

No way you'll never make it
Come with the weak shit, I break kids
Step into my zone, mad rhymes will stifle ya
Lines like rifles go blast when I kick some ass
A lot of rappers be like one time wonders
Couldn't say a fly rhyme if there was one right under
Their noses, I hate those motherfuckin posers
But I'm so real to them it's scary
And with my unique skills nag you can't compare me
And no we don't make wack tracks
and all the suckers get pushed back when I'm kickin real facts
I represent set up shit like a tent boy
You're paranoid cause you're my son like Elroy
And you'd be happy as hell to get a record deal
Maybe your soul you'd sell to have mass appeal

[Verse 2:]

Oh yes I'm greater than all MC's when I breeeze give me room please
I be like fascinatin when I be updatin
Cuttin off wack kids, pullin their trump cards
I thump hard, and mak eem say that I'm God
Niggaz be pretendin they hardcore
Never know the meaning of (real hardcore)
But I get props like a slogan and no man
Could ever try to diss when I kicks my jam
Lyrically def and connecting complete mic wrecking
No double checking vocals kill like weapons
But if I have to I go all out with no mic
Yeah that's right cause I survived mad fights
And for my peeps I truly care
Cause without some of them I wouldn't be here
And they all know how I feel
Cause suckers be like playin themselves to have mass appeal

[Verse 3:]

I know I'm dope but don't wet that
I've suffered setbacks but now I'm makin greenbacks
Just like baggy slacks I'm crazy hip-hop
Check one two and you don't stop
Your head'll bop when I drop my crop
of pure bomb, just like the seashore I'm calm
But wild, with my monotone style
Because I don't need gimmicks
Gimme a fly beat and I'm all in it
Word is bond I go on and on
For you it's tragic I got magic like wands

So I'ma end this lecture and I betcha
Those who kick dirt and do time I'm gonna get cha
Cause I be kickin the real
While they be losin the race tryin to chase mass appeal

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Blowin' Up The Spot"

[Guru]

Ah so now ya got me pissed off, blast off lift off
Time for me to twist off a vocal fist off
into your domepiece, Homepeace, I heard your chick wants to bone me
I get, wild like rugby, respected like Bugsy
Don't even ask me, cause I'm livin lovely
Born to succeed, foes bleed, true indeed
The oral combat will romp that, your one of my seeds
when I first, busted on the scene
Nigga, you knew I had more than a gangsta lean
I mean my lean is gangsta though so check it
I'll stick an MC for his spot and sign in blood on his wack record
Boo-ya-ka, to your face as I ruin ya
Clown ya, dumbfound ya, while I'm screwin the
fuck out cha girl as she steps into my world
I'm not the tallest, but that ass I'll polish
And if the hooker runs her mouth she gets cut off
But then you'll sweat her, cause like my leather you're butter soft
Your style stinks kid, ya garbage
And if you keep talkin shit, I'ma make ya pay homage
Cause the G to the U to the R-U, came too far to
let you slide through, rhymes will scar you
And who the fuck are you anyway?
I catch more wreck in a minute than if you rhyme for ten days
Throw the cash in the pot
You betta dash nigga, cause I'm blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"

[Premier scratches]

[Guru]

No ex-capin the explosion, those who are dozin, I close in
Set the thermostat at sub-zero, they're frozen
Extreme temperatures from my mic, stuns amateurs
Unable to conquer the Gang, I ain't mad at cha
Peace to Jeru, the Big Shug and the Group Home
Keepin it real, no playin niggaz or chrome
I'm way past the kid shit, brothers already did shit
You want some props? Yo dog, here's a biscuit
I'm a smooth nigga and my groove's bigga, move nigga
And we don't care who's wit cha, got the picture?
And you don't wanna hear the burners go pop
Gang Starr motherfucker, what, blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"

[Premier scratches]

[Guru]

I go from one format then switch to the next
Reflex sets the pitch vocals rip through projects
Crazy shouts are heard all around
Cause the GangStarr sound carries more weight per pound
I got some brand new Timbs, so emcees sing new hymns
You betta repent, come correct, represent
or get stomped, smacked and slapped, cap peeled back
I got you open, and now you cling to my sac
Get off, hands off, stay off, you're way off
You rookie motherfuckers it's the finals not the playoffs
I'll break you up into particles, to small pieces
Because your brain is miniscule
You little fool, come learn the tools of the trade
I made the rules so go to school and get played
Just when you're thinkin that your jam is hot
Up steps the niggaz who be blowin up the spot

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Suckas Need Bodyguards"

MC's be fakin' so now they get taken

[Chorus:]

Fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard
I hate fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard

[Verse 1:]

MC's I lay out like stiffs in the morgue
Praise the lord you're in awe when I'm grippin the mic cord
Rhymes I rip with swift execution
One verse to coerce your girl to prostitution
The Guru is now the brother you fear and
beware when I'm making hits with premier and
Rolling to a spot near you, lyrics tear through
Chrome to your dome you better watch your rear view
Niggaz been held back too long we're coming up
In the streets we roll alone so watch me running up
I'm summing up a mad posse of warriors
Night crusaders able to break down barriers
and bringing faces of death putting mc's to rest
until there's no fake chumps left
Run, step, yeah bounce nigga bounce
My rhyme's a (cargo) when yours is just a quarter ounce

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 2:]

Gangstarr boy and that's beyond your comprehension
Mad brothers in every city you can feel the tension
To stop the killing wack mc's must die
Who am ? I'm the substance that'll make your third eye cry
Too potent, too high in intelligence quotient
when I unleash my speech I'll have you punk rappers open
I won't expose your names and your identities
You know you're phoney get the fuck from in front of me
Hardcore fans are fed up from your folklore
Lines strip you raw and infect you like cold sores
and I hope you're not the one that I'm after
Since the days of adidas I've been a true master

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 3:]

I've been around punk but yo i still feel young
A few of my crew members like to pack guns

I'm high strung but don't mistake me when I smile
I murder an entire rap chart with my freestyle
After the killing just like casper I'm ghost
Fakes thought I was friendly, at their wakes I was host
Toast without a gun you'd be done
Throw up your hands bitch and now you know you stand to lose one
Choose one metaphor and then choose another
Wax that ass like a bully have you calling your big brother
Although I'm five foot eight they call me sargeant
Got more hoes in my dick than you can fit in the garden
At Madison Square I shot a fair one
So many niggaz knew me that the kid wouldn't dare run
MC's pay cash to ensure their safety
They know they can't take me; the G-A-N-G, you crazy?
I be on them like a message from god
Knowledge of self while fake mc's play hard

[Chorus x4]

[Outro x2:]

Fake mc's they always act hard
I'm not a sucker so I don't need a bodyguard

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Now You're Mine"

[Guru]

Yo Duke, you're dead wrong; tou'll never have the skills like mine
I write the ill type rhymes now I'm reaching my prime
360 dunk in your face
You can't compete, you're just a basket case
Let's separate the men from the boys
And put your money where your mouth is, no time for toys
Your game is weak you geek so don't sleep
Cause I'll be checkin ya, wreckin ya, when I start to creep
through the backdoor - I know I caught you out there
You got no clout here, and I doubt there
is anyway that you can stop the beat down
You better play the background, and sit back down
Chumps like you, I gotta keep 'em in line
So prepare to suffer boy, cause now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]

I'll fake you left and go right, straight down the lane
Here's one in your eye; you'll feel pain
You strain - to put together some strategy
But you're raggedy, and i'll be glad to see
The frown on your grill when I drill and thrill
Set up my offense, commence to kill
I'll be leadin from beginnin to end
And after I pound ya, you're gonna wanna make friends
And make amends for the silly, trash you were talking
Take a walk and your shots I'm swattin
with ease, and the ladies are swoonin
Clockin my swiftness, while you're droolin
You oughtta practice up and get your game refined
I've been waitin to dog you, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]

Hurry up sucker, go ahead and pick your squad
Try to play hard.. but I'ma rob
you of your crazy notions to defeat me
You're weak see, I'm rough hardcore
And even be down to give you a rematch
After I wax and tax that butt
When I slam the alley-oop, you can rally troops
But I'll play the awesome defense
I'll pick your pocket, and send you to the bench
With tears in your eyes as you realize the prize is for me

Yes all the money
Son, my form is too nice, my handle's precise
I'll take you right or go left
Because my game's so def, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Mostly Tha Voice"

[Refrain:]

It's mostly tha voice, that gets you up
It's mostly tha voice, that makes you buck
A lot of rappers got flavor, and some got skills
But if your voice ain't dope then you need to (chill... chill...)

Up steps one, and he gets done
Then up steps another, he gets smothered
That's word to mother, or should I say moms
I drop bombs, scorchin niggaz like napalm
Sucka, boy, get off my shit
Get off my dick so what I make butter hits
You better change your behavior, battling Gangstarr
No religion could save ya
My religion is rap, R-A-P
R-E-A-L-I-T-Y, G
Cause when I rock street kids rejoice
I got mad rhymes, still

[Refrain]

So when you think you know the whole you don't even know the half
You're not a threat to myself, and neither to my staff
Not the type to really dance too much, although I used to
Rather bust a fresh line, and get loose to
The blunted ill types of beats Premier makes
Makes your girl's rear shake, let me set it straight

[Refrain]

Some rappers use hooks to this shit
But if you took that shit out
and you took all the music out
What would remain? The voice no doubt
Bless my soul I control
when in pimp mode
My bank roll expands
I invest in my man
I plan, to keep rap real
so if your shit ain't fat then kneel
You squeal, feeling pain from my oral flex
what about oral sex, which chick's next
To open wide and get a chunk from a real brother
Yeah, some real funk from a real brother
They get sprung and most of them don't recover
But I don't diss em I just talk to em
Cause the sound, of my voice, it does a lot to em

So you and, the niggaz right there
Be aware, like SWV, I'm right here
Waitin to correct your ass
And if you don't follow now I'll disrespect your ass
More Vicious than Sid, do a crime with no bid
I tell a bitch that I didn't when you know that I did
Take a trip to a land a-far
Then come back, and people still know Gangstarr
See I'm the ladies choice
Cause I got crazy styles, still

[Refrain]

[Outro: Guru, Shug]
Oh shit Shug, whattup
(Whassup money?)
Just loungin, about to go do this shit in the studio
(Oh yeah, you just let me get on that shit
You always said I could get on, you need to let me get on that)
Word?
(For real man)
Yo man
(Don't front on that shit)
I'm sayin yo, if I let you get busy, youknowwhatl'msayin
you can't be dissapointin me
(I flip shit, I'ma flip shit on this)
Aight man, let's go

Gang Starr Lyrics

"F.A.L.A."

(feat. Big Shug)

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x3]
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Big Shug]

Word to Joe Frazier, got ta do what pays ya
Give a nigga pain, like displasure
But close your hips in, nigga you can't win
I walk around, with a scowl and a grin
Parties try to rock me, chicks try to clock me
Niggaz try to block me, but they can't stop me
I'm a bad man, understand where I come from
Treatin niggaz dumb, as I drink my rum
I'm a mad man, I get respect with the Tec
Put punks in check, Shug's on the set
I'm the one with the game, the twelve round
CRACK to the concrete, from the underground
I'm a bad nigga, how do you figure to take me
You cannot break me, so don't mistake me
for your brother, I'm not a punk motherfucker see
I did my time, and now I'm FREE
I'm a dope one, ready to rip and wreck shop
I will not stop, I won't be dropped by the cops
I'm bad, understand me with the game I kick
I got crazy bitches like a Trojan on my dick

[Guru]

Yo Hobb we got more rep than Lucky Luciano
Suckers we wet to the sound of the dope piano
This is something you can't handle, here's one example
I got your head as a trophy up on the mantle
Each and every sect we wreck, the crowd's electrified
Mystified, you get dissed, when you try, you die
Fish niggaz, they get fried upon my skillet
I kill it, fuck it, my shit is on hit
and hittin you blaow (BLAOW) so what you wanna do now?
You stepped up, I whacked ya, you crept up, I smacked ya
Got infinite length, with the strength of a real master
If you don't bow down now you'll get plowed down now
You know, like POW

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x3]
So Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Guru]

Word to Mike Tyson, hit you quick like lightnin
Swing my left jab first, and then come in with the right
Cold deck ya, nah I could never respect a
punk like you, you get dropped like one two
and you're out son, just like a one round bout son
The outcome, is that you'll get that ass hung
Easily, swiftly, you'ew stupid you can't get with me

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]
I said Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die

[Big Shug]

Fumin! HEAHHH, I'm boomin down on niggaz
I figure, how could they take out a big nigga
They don't know, so I don't never give em a clue
That's you and you and you, and oh yeah you
You can't get with this or take me down
I'm always laughin HA HA cause you punks are clowns
Since I'm passin emcees, with my skill
I'm up on the hill, and I force them dudes to chill
Rippin up shit as I do, because I'm violent
That's why when I walk in the room, punks are silent
My name is Shug, as if you didn't know
I'm pimpin hard, and punks are just a hoe

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Big Shug]

Yea yea that's Shug for ninety-three
I wanna say whattup to all my people, yaknowhatl'msayin?
We got the Guru in the house, and my man Lil' Dap
Showin motherfuckers where we're truly at
I wanna say whattup to my homegirl, my main girl and my kids
Whassup Kerry, Marie and Lisa how y'all chillin?
I know y'all in the motherfuckin house too, yea!
I like to say whattup also, to all the peoples back home
that know what time it is, and the niggaz tryin to get real
And on that note, right
I'ma get the fuck up out of here

[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"
[DJ Premier cuts and scratches this line to the end]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Comin' For Datazz"

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

[Guru]

I hit the chicks with the nice round heinies
Play a hoe like a hoe, play a sucka like stymied
Try me, and you'll descend into your end
Never thought it could be you well think again my friend
My pen illuminates, and dooms the fakes
You're soon to break, you're strawberry like shortcake
I'm in that ass with my Timbs all day
You couldn't tarnish my rep, so you crept away
Just behave and be a good son -- or else
I'm bringin the noise cause most emcees are puns
I used to chill in Roxbury now I'm comin outta Brooklyn
Herb niggaz are assed out, y'all get taken
or taken, and that's word to all rude bwoy Jamaican
I swing bitch, yes I'm crankin
Just like an Alpine, a deadly rhyme, brand spankin new
Pumped to put some lead in your crew
A hollow point shot, cause your weak shallow point's
not hittin -- should've gave up from the beginning
But since you're bluffin with your tape that's trash
Tell your peeps that we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

Whose that lurkin in the dark with the hoodie strapped;
puffin on a blizz, mellow mediatin black?
I ain't impressed cause the rest they fess
Sometimes I wanna flip, clap a hole in they chest
but I lay back, as I prepare for the payback
And drop the master rhymes with the mad crew from wayback
I stay back, I watch, the whole job, you botched
Couldn't maintain, it's like your brain just stopped
But the Gang is on the prowl kid like Lector
Paint a logo with your blood so you niggaz remember
the Chain and the Star, mysticle and never typical
The average rap group, ain't even equipped to go
head up, I'm dead up, you ducks could never last
You fakin jacks, we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

I heard some hardheaded punks wanna see me
Jealous of a nigga just because he's on TV
You know the video shows that you be watchin
Call up and request so you can see it more often

My persona sheds more light than a nova
Cause niggaz are soldier, yo this war, it ain't over
And ain't no stopping like McFadden and Whitehead
You might get dead, fuckin around like you do
Pursue the knowledge that's available
Before your chump-style game and your punk friends fail you
Gonna dissect your brain for a minute
Look at your puny ass world and what's in it
Nothin, that's how long you've been frontin
I figured by now that you've come up with somethin
But you're still the same snake with my name on your mouth
Wanna know what I'm doin, wanna know why I shine?
Cause I'm the rebirth, so now you gotta see me first
I kick more facts than paperbacks for research
and knees hurt, next you feel em bucklin
The huge pussy look on your face reveals the sucker
inside of ya, because I checked the way you're ridin the
jimsome, better sing more than a hymn son
Never sustain the true pain of my wisdom
Never be able to touch GangStarr
True indeed, I believe in takin my words far
Across the seas and deserts, through the trees and grass
And if you ain't on point, then we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]